

Family Miscellany.

For the Principia.

"THE HIGHER LAW."

AS EXHIBITED BY THE DEEDS OF REV. CHARLES T. TORREY.

The prison walls have their precious prey:
The soul released, triumphant, bursts away;
Why was he shut within that gloomy cell?
Come, ye oppressors, speak now—dare ye tell?

"He really ventured out to set at naught
The needless statutes which our State had wrought;
"T'pose our indignation, when we saw
"Him pour contempt upon our wholesome law."

On Sinai, Torrey fixed his steady eye,
Nor thought "two hundred years" of monstrous lie,
Could crush that LAW, or "sanctify" the plan,
To make the soul, the "property" of man.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, N. Y.,
Sept. 10th, 1863.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost" why do we call them lost,
Because we miss them from our outward road?
God's unseen angel, on our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and with a smile said,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtling wind—
With angels' light, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore.

And thou, my dear, a "lost" O, selfish soul,
Of selfish heart, O, of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should endure the sorrow,
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ag, look upon this dreary desert night—
The flowers and thistles whither'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these, and yet we mourn!

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his raging waves the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves the shore to reach,
We see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor vagrant, leaning by the wall,
A little child, half dead with cold and pain,
To whom from his heart, the clinging hand,
And the bright smile, and the loving eye,
Where, this long journey passed, they longed to dwell!

When, lo! the Lord, with many nations led,
Drove north, and looked upon the suffering twin;
Then, playing spook, "Give me the little lad,
I'll bring him with me, when I come again."

Did she make answer solidly and strong—
"Nay, but the woe I feel too much to share!"
Or rather, looking into grateful eyes,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care!

We will do likewise: death, had made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign, or sound our ears could reach,
But there an inward, spiritual peace,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dumb.

It tells us of the work that they had done—
How they had loved, and how they had been true;
How, journeying forth, we reach the heavenly town,
Where angels had our treasures and our crown,
And our loved ones will be found again.

But I digress. To give your readers some
idea of the book, I will make a few extracts.
Mrs. Kemble thus describes a sunset scene.

"But then the sky—if no human being ever
yet wrote it; if it did, none should spread out
before you the unspeakable glories of these South-
ern heavens, the saffron brightness of the morn-
ing, the blue, intense, brilliant of noon, the gold-
en splendor, and the softness of sunset.
Italy, and Claude Lorraine may go hang them-
selves together! Heaven itself could not paint
brighter or more beautiful to the imagination
than these surpassing pageants of fiery rays,
and piled-up banks of orange, golden clouds,
with edges too bright to look on, scattered
wreaths of faintest rose bloom, amber streaks
and pale green lakes between, and amid sky,
all blue and rose tints mingled, a spectacle to
make one feel broken off the side of the boat,
with one's head broken off with looking adoringly
upward, but which on paper means nothing."

And here is another little scrap.

"I have seen many babies on this plantation,
who were quite as pretty as white children,
and this very day stooped to kiss a little sleep-
ing creature, that lay on its mother's knees,
in the Infirmary—as I ever saw. The car-
ers excited the irrepressible delight of all
the women present—poor creatures! who
seemed to forget that I was a woman, and
had children myself, and bore a woman's
and mother's heart toward them and theirs.
But wisely it is said that use is second nature,
and the contempt and neglect to which these poor
people are used make the commonest expres-
sions of human sympathy appear a boon, and
gracious condescension."

At another time she visits their cabins,

"consist of one room about 12 feet by 15
with a couple of closets smaller and closer than
the state-rooms of a ship, divided off from the
main-room and each other by rough wooden
partitions, in which the inmates sleep. They
have almost all of them a rude bedstead,
with the grass of the forests for a mattress,
and filthy, pestilential-looking blankets for a
covering. Two families, sometimes eight and
ten in number, reside in these huts, which are
mere wooden frames, pinned as it were, to the
earth, by a brick chimney outside, whose cor-
nices aperture within pours down a flood of
air, but little moderated by the miserable
spark of fire, which hardly sends an attenuated
thread of finger smoke up its huge throat;
and a sad little immediately back of these
dwellings, which is filled and emptied by the
tide. Attached to each hut is a small
scrap of ground for a garden, which, however,
is for the most part intended and unutilized,
and exhibited that most deplorable conse-
quence of ignorance and an abject condition,
the inability of the inhabitants to cultivate
and improve even such pitted comfort as might
be achieved by them. Instead of the order,
neatness, and ingenuity, which might convert
even these miserable hovels into tolerable
residences, there was the careless, reckless, filth-
indolence which even the brutes do not exhibit
in their lairs, and nests, and which seemed
indeed of applying the uses of existence to the
unhappy means of comfort, yet within their
reach. Firewood and shavings lay littered
about the floors, while the half-naked children
were crawling round two or three smoking
cinders. The moss with which the chimneys
and crannies of their ill-protecting dwellings
have been stuffed, was trailing in dirt, and
just about the ground, while the back door of
the huts, opening upon a most unsightly yard,
was left wide open for the fowls and ducks,
which they are allowed to raise, to travel in
and out, increasing the filth of the cabin by
what they brought in and in every direction.
In the midst of the floor, or squatting round
the cold hearth, would be four or five little
children, from four to ten years old, the latter
with babies in their arms, the care of the in-
fants being taken from the mothers, (who are
driven off as soon as they recover from labor)
and devoted upon these poor little
nurses, as they are called, whose business it is
to wash the infant, and carry it to its mother
whenever it may require nourishment. To these
hardly human little beings I addressed
myself, remonstrating about the filth and cold,
and the unnecessary wretchedness of their rooms,
bidding the elder boys, and girls, kneel up on
the floor, sweep up the floor, and expel the poultry.
For a long time my very words seemed un-
intelligible to them, till I began to sweep,
and make up the fire, etc., they first fell to
laughing, and then imitating me. The incurs-
tations of dirt on their hands, feet, and faces
was my next object of attack.

"This I made down the 'street,' in every
dwelling endeavoring to awaken a new percep-
tion of cleanliness; sighing as I went,
over the inability of my exertions; for how can
slaves be improved? Nothing, thought I,
let what can be done; for it may be yet
too late, being incompatible, improvement may
yet elude slavery; and so it might, and surely
it could, if, instead of beginning at the end, I
could but begin at the beginning of my task.
If the mind and soul were awakened, the physical
good would result, and the great curse vanish
away; but my hands are tied fast, and this
corner of the work is all that I may do. It
is almost hopeless to attempt to improve their
condition while the women are condemned to
field labor; nor is it possible to over-estimate
the bad moral effect of the system as it regards
the women, entailing this enforced separation
from their children, and neglect of all the cares
and duties of mother, nurse, and even house-
wife, which are all merged in the mere physical
toil of a mere human being-machine. Yet it
cannot be but from my words, and actions,
some revelation of truth, some new percep-
tion, and going in and out among them per-
petually, I shall teach, and they learn involun-
tarily, a thousand things of deepest import.
They must learn, and who can tell the fruit
of that knowledge alone, that there are beings in
the world, even with skins of a different color
from their own, who have sympathy for their
misfortunes, love for their virtues, and respect
for their common nature? Oh! I feel my heart
is full, almost to bursting as I walk among
these poor creatures!"

Yes indeed, thought I, as I read over these
pages, and who knows but another result, too,
may have been effected: these people for
whom she labored, and suffered, must have re-
garded her as an angel of mercy to them, and
have cherished her memory with feelings of
deepest gratitude. They may have told their
children the strange story of one who once
came among them, and manifested towards
them sympathy and love, and this may account
for the faith and confidence with which the
negro has always greeted our army. I have
often felt that perchance in some such way
was the loyalty of the blacks of the South
have been nurtured. It is well known that
there are a large number of people at the North
who sympathize deeply with the slave, who
send up to Heaven earnest, agonizing applica-
tions in their behalf, and on every fitting
occasion open their lips for them. Such people
could not go South under the old state of
things, (I hope they will, in great numbers,
under the new), but I have often wondered
if some secret, unseen, powerful influence did
not go forth from them, and reach the objects
of their compassion, thus holding the blacks of
the South with "hooks of steel" to the North,
and making the division of the Union an im-
possibility. I will only say in conclusion that
I hope all who can, will avail themselves of the

privilege of reading this highly interesting,

suggestive, and instructing work.

A SUBSCRIBER.

For the Principia.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

ON TEMPERANCE.

"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever
ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10, 31.

Manifold are the practical bearings of this
religious sentiment. Upon but one of these
do we propose to dwell in this appeal. The
class we address have much to do in the great
struggle that must be met in the noble and
worthy cause of temperance reform, now so
sadly, but evidently waning. It is charitable,
and in the main, we hope truthful, to assume
that you desire to see the salvation of our be-
loved country from the curse of alcohol. In
this time of war and peril, when oppression,
profanity, drunkenness, and we might say, all
evils are striving for the ascendancy, you are
especially anxious to contribute your mite for the
promotion of the good and the true. Certain-
ly you would do nothing that might prove an
obstacle to the great work of temperance, so
evidently pressing upon the present genera-
tion.

But are you doing nothing to extend the
sale of wine or brandy? Do you not, for cu-
linary purposes, keep those articles in your
house? If so, let me assure you that you not
only furnish aid to the vendor of ardent spirits,
but also place a temptation before your sons,
whose only shield from those outward influ-
ences so unfavorable to morality, is the pure
atmosphere of home. Wine and brandy are
not safe articles in our houses; for culinary
purposes they are absolutely needless. The
medical question we must leave to able pens,
but feel secure in saying, that alcohol need not
be kept for domestic use. Such use certainly
extends the sale, increases the amount of tem-
ptation, and is a barrier to the success of a re-
form which our own security and happiness
requires.

It is "the little foxes that spoil the vines;"
so it may be that those customs of society that
demand the use of wine and brandy have their
share in the soul-destroying work of intemper-
ance. We refer to the use of fruit cake, held
in reserve for those emergencies that arise in
house-keeping. Its economy we often hear
commended, its convenience can not be denied.
But both the economy and convenience might
be dispensed with, rather than sacrifice a noble
Christian principle. This however is not
necessary, and this is the point to which we
would call special attention. There is a re-
latable rule for fruit cake without either wine
or brandy, which the writer desires for the above
reasons to place before the readers of the
"Principia." It was furnished by an experi-
enced housekeeper, whose ever generous board
might safely be most, fastidious taste, in either
sense of that ambiguous word.

Housekeepers place copy in place of those

printed rules in our modern fashionable recipe

books, invariably requiring wine or brandy:

Fruit cake warranted to keep one year.

Two pounds of flour. 3 table spoons cloves.

1 1/2 " sugar. 1 " cinnamon.

7 " butter. 4 " nutmeg.

7 " eggs. 3 pounds raisins.

1 pint milk. 2 " currants.

1/2 pint molasses. 1/2 " citron.

1 tea spoon soda.

What is suggested, with propriety, that

the glory of God would be more truly promoted

by entirely abstaining from the use of an ar-

ticle of luxury so expensive. This is, perhaps,
one of the "lawful things" not expedient to
be left to individual consciences to determine,
according to the circumstances of each.

What is extravagant for one may not be so

for another. While, to one, it may be extremely
difficult to keep house without something in
reserve that will serve an unexpected guest
with honor, another may not appreciate any
such demand. Therefore we think the use of
fruit cake may, or may not, be wrong; while
the use of cakes, or pies, or sweetmeats, pre-
served by the liquid poison, must always and
everywhere be condemned.

MARIA G. FROST.

REMARKS. Alcoholic liquors in cookery are

objectionable, not only because the purchase

of the article patronizes the liquor traffic, but

also because alcohol eaten is just as poisonous

as is mischievous in creating an appetite for
it as if it were drunk. There have been
abundant testimonies to this fact. The truth
is, it is not, as a general fact, so much because
the liquor preserves the cookery, that it is used,
as because it imparts the desired flavor. We
met with many confessions of this, while we
were traveling and lecturing on Temperance.
We particularly recollect an instance of the
kind. In conversation with a lady whose table
hospitalities we were sharing, and whose table
was heartily supplied with rich delicacies,
we were explaining how much pie might be
preserved without the use of brandy—"Oh! yes,"
said the lady, "but the brandy gives it
such a delicious flavor!"

w. g.

THE ROOT FAMILY.

Do you know who are the most industrious

and hardest workers in the world? The root

family. They work night and day, summer

and winter, without tiring. What they have

to do, they do without grumbling or discon-

tent, or asking why or wherefore.

Roots are of various forms; sometimes they

are in slender threads, to penetrate loose, sandy

soil—like the grasses; sometimes wedge-like,

as in beets, to pierce firm and solid ground;
sometimes in long, flat scales, to fasten them-selves to the bare rocks. But tender and
delicate as they often seem to be, they possess
wonderful strength; to the forest trees they
serve as gigantic anchors, chaining them to
the solid earth, and supporting them against
the battering of the storms. They drive down
into the ground, and let nothing hinder their
progress. The roots to a large chestnut tree
on Mount Etna, and which a hundred horses
could not feel shelter, penetrate through rocks
and lava to the springs at the very foot of the
mountain.

Roots not only serve as fastenings, they

pump up the nutriment which the plant needs,
and supply it with drink and food. There are
delicate fibers at the end of the roots, called
spongioles, which have minute holes, opening
downward, to take in or reject what is ne-
cessary for the health and life of the plant,
and they know what to take and what to
leave. Suppose wheat and peas to grow side
by side—the spongioles of the wheat are
opened, to receive all the flinty matters of the
soil, which the water can take up, while the
spongioles of the pea will have the flint,
and prefer lime, and what the pea does not
want, and take whatever lime the wheat
leaves, and the wheat will grow better, and
the pea have different taste from their dip-
per—sometimes they draw nutriment direct-
ly from the water, as in duck-weed, when each
small leaf has its own little root hanging from
the surface.

In the mangrove of the tropics, they form

an enormous network in the water, and catch

all the matter which floats down the streams,

when the tides and floods go down. Shell-

fish are often found among the roots, and ac-

count for the stories of some of the earliest
discoverers of America, who said the oysters
grew on the branches of trees. Sometimes
the roots have no home in land or water, but
take themselves to some strong and healthy
trees, where they creep through the crevices
of the bark into them, and feed upon the very
life of the tree. These plants are called para-sites. A stately palm is often covered with
the creepers of a parasite, which at last eats
out its very life, and the noble tree dies in its
treacherous embrace. Roots, wherever they
are, in the dark earth, or under the restless
waves, or on the bark of a foreign tree, are
always at work, and rough usage does not
quickly destroy them. A common maple tree
may be turned upwards, the roots in the air,
and the branches in the ground, and it will
yet live. The first orange trees in Europe,
which are in the city of Dresden, came as bal-
last, without roots or branches, in the hold of
a German vessel. A curious gardener, anx-
ious to know what the new wood was, planted
them, and through mistake planted them up-
side down; but in spite of this sad treatment,
the brave little trees have grown and flourish-
ed beyond all other orange trees on the contin-
ent. Do not even the roots seem to say,
"The Hand that made us is Divine?"—Ohio
Farmer.

ICE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—A correspondent of

the Providence Journal vouchers for the effica-

cy of ice, as a cure for diphtheria, croup, and all
ordinary inflammation of the throat. The
manner of application is as follows:

Break up a small lump of ice in a towel,

and put the pieces in a bowl. Take position
slightly inclined backwards, either in a chair
or on a sofa. Proceed in half an hour with a
tea spoon to feed yourself with small lumps of
ice, letting them dissolve slowly in the back
part of the mouth or the entrance of the
throat. A single such application will often
break up a common sore throat, which other-
wise would have a course of two or three days.
In case of a bad sore throat, use the ice fre-
quently and freely. In case of ulceration or
diphtheria, keep a small lump of ice constantly
in the mouth."

Little American.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Queen Victoria has prepared the follow-

ing inscription, for a memorial for Prince
Albert, which has just been erected at the
Bath Spring Hotel, in England: "His life
sprung from a deep inner sympathy with God's
will, and therefore, with all that was true,
beautiful, and right."

Nothing teaches patience like a garden.

You may go round and watch the opening bud

from day to day; but it takes its own time,
and you cannot urge it on faster than it will.
If forced, it is only torn to pieces. All the
beauty of a garden, like those of life, are
slowly, but regularly progressive.

MANY a true heart that would have come

back like a dove to the ark, after its first
transgression, has been frightened beyond re-
call, by the savage charity of an unfeeling
spirit.

HARPER'S "Lounge" says the democratic

platform is: "First—Resolved, That we are
in favor of the war. Second—Resolved, That
we are opposed to all measures for carrying it
on."

OUR CASKET.

CLIPPINGS OF "GOLD FOIL."

No truth can be uttered by a soul that has

not realized it, in some way, with hope to be
heard.

Towards the soul which places itself in the

attitude of reception, all things flow.

All those actions which have naturally de-

veloped and performed, if performed by any in-
dividual as simple duties—performed grudgingly
and difficultly—amount to nothing, as Chris-
tian actions.

A man who feels that his religion is a

slavery, has not begun to comprehend the real
nature of religion.It is necessary to have one heart, at least,
in whose confidence we may dwell.

Wherever our affections cluster, there

springs up an ideal character.

There is no God, and there can be none, who

is not a God of Providence.

There is to me no thought more precious

than that my Maker is my constant minister,
direct and immediate.

Woman will be pure, if man will be true.

The springs of the soul's life abide in the

affections.

Every man in the world who gives blows

must take blows.

Every man who strikes blows for power,
for influence, for institutions, for the right,
must be just as good an anvil as he is a ham-
mer.

A man who desires to benefit his fellows

cannot proceed a single step without faith in
those whom he would benefit.

No truly Christian man can be truly an in-

dolent man.

Idleness is the splendor of a living man.

Personal character should always be a re-

sultant of true action, instituted for unselfish
purposes. The meanest and most illegitimate
of all human pursuits, is the direct pursuit of a
reputation.

Character lives in a man: reputation out-

side of him.

The sweetest type of Heaven is home—

may Heaven itself be the home, for whose ac-

quisition we are to strive the most strongly.
Home, in one form and another, is the great
object of life. It stands at the end of every
day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom; and
life would be cheerless and meaningless, did we
not discern across the river that divides it from
the life beyond, glimpses of the pleasant man-
sions prepared for us.

Everywhere a Christian should be a posi-

tive power, so that wherever he carries himself,
he will carry the power of Christianity.It matters not how selfish a man may be,
there is something in him which tells him that
the selfishness he sees in others is contempti-
ble.

Our spiritual natures are to be knit into

firmness by toil, to be hardened into power
by conflict, to be softened into humanity by the
experience of their weakness, to be rendered
tractable by affliction, and thus fitted for a safe
life.

Life is only an inestimable blessing to him

who, prepared to meet the future, and who,
comprehending his position, and the meaning of
it, is not afraid of the future.

In the blackest soils grow the richest flow-

ers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring
upward among the rocks.

[To which it should be added, that all that sup-

posed love, whether of God or man, that does not
include a love of the duties due to them, is spurious.
Where the love of duty, as duty, is wanting, where
the idea of duty is itself lacking, there the conception of
God is defective, and love to the true God is impos-sible. "This is the love of God that we keep his com-
mandments, and his commandments are not grievous."
Love does not supersede conscience, but renders its
voice clearer.—Ed.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE STRANGE LITTLE BOY.

Here is a little boy:

Look at him well;

Think if you know him,

If you do, tell.

I will describe him,

That you may see
If he's stranger
To you and to me.

He has two hands

That can manage a top,
And climb a tall chestnut
To take the nuts down.They just jump by his cheek
With both, hoop and swing,
Yet are never too busy
To do a kind thing.

He has two feet

That can run up and down,
Over the country,
I should think they'd be tired—
They never are still—
But they're ready to run for you
Whenever you will.

He has two eyes

Always busy and bright,
And looking at something
From morning to night.
They help him at work,
And they help him at play,
And the sweet words of Jesus
They read, every day.

He has two ears—

O, how well he can hear
The birds as they sing,
And the boys as they cheer!
They are out on the common,
And for him they call—
But one word from his mother
He hears, first of all.

He has a tongue

That runs like a spring;
It begins to sing in the morning
As soon as the light.
It's the best little tongue
That ever was given.
He always speaks truth,
And it always is kind.

He has a heart

That is happy and true,
For Jesus is King there,
The whole of the day.
The Lord's little servant
He's trying to be—
Is this boy a stranger
To you, and to me?

Little American.

ONE OF GOD'S BIRDSIES.

You would love little May Warren, if you

knew her, I am sure. She is such a sweet

little thing, that I believe I speak the truth,
when I say that every body loves her who has
had the pleasure of looking into her bright
face.

"Please, mother, let me go to school with

cousin Willie this morning," said she, one day,
running into the room, where her mother sat
with her baby brother; "please do, mother;
I will be real good."

"Let you go to school, dear," answered

her mother, kissing the rosy lips held up to
her; "and where is Willie?"

"Here, auntie," said he, coming in at the

open door, with his satchel of books on his
arm, his black eyes sparkling with mischief,
as usual, and his cheeks glowing like the roses
that peeped in at the open window.

"Yes, little May may go to school this

morning, if she will be very good, and cousin
Willie will promise to take care of her."